

"A mighty haul of French fishes — brandy — baccy — lace an' such like; an' now I'm a changed man an' shall take no part," he explained to his new friend.

"Theer's foreign fal-lals 'bout that young woman to the inn," said Mr. Bluett. "Stuff that never comed honest about her neck, I'll swear."

"His gift. They'm tokened, though God send you'll lay un by the heels an' show her the mistake she'm makin' in time. An' now listen, for I doan't want to be seen with you in public no more. When I quarrelled with the man, — Godbeer, — I knowed he'd change the appointed date; an' sure enough he did so. But theer's wan hand of his crew — no call to name names — who be on my side; an' he've told me the real date. Which that is Wednesday next, if this here northeast wind holds."

"That's the day I be taking my men to Dartmouth."

"D'you think Merry Jonathan doan't know that? He knows everything. He knows I be talkin' to 'e now; but he doan't know what I've told 'e; and he'd be ravin' mad if he did."

"Us mustn't go to Dartmouth then."

"No fay! But you must let him think you have. You must start by day an' get back after dusk an' lie by the cliff roads — some of your chaps by each; for theer ban't no other ways up. An' the Darty-